

Ladies' LITERARY Museum



"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

her; and if, like her, I am more frightened than hurt—' Here Dob was interrupted by a voice exclaiming, in the accents of surprise, 'Just heaven! it is himself!' 'The voice seemed not unknown to him.'¹ Persuaded that it proceeded from a part of the chamber not far from him, he looked anxiously round. 'I should very much like to know who spoke,' said he: 'I should not be surprised if it was that Zampiri, who is so fond of putting in his word to every body's conversation.' 'Your doubts are about to be satisfied,' said a voice which did not less surprise Mr. Dob than the preceding one. 'A door then opened, and he saw pass before him a crowd of people, habited in long black robes; their heads were enveloped in veils of the same color, the texture of which permitted the wearers to see thro it, without its being possible to distinguish their features.'² 'Those gentlemen are not strangers to me,' said our hero, 'they wear the livery of the house.' 'These veiled persons!' exclaimed one after the other, as they passed him, 'just heaven! it is himself!'³ 'Truly,' said Dob, 'I remember this game; I used to play it at college, excepting that, instead of speaking, we passed close along a curtain, behind which was a candle.' It is likely that, even thinking Mr. Dob's joke a very bad one, they could not deny it to be somewhat applicable; for the veiled persons retired without uttering another word. These visitors being all departed, and Dob finding himself once more alone, he seated himself in the arm-chair: and, taking off his wig with one hand, while he wiped his forehead with the other, exclaimed, with the air and tone of a person who had just performed some great achievement, 'Well, heaven be praised for all things, I have come to the *End of my First Volume!!!*'

N^o 14.

VOLUME II.—CHAPTER I.

When Mr. Dob had sufficiently solaced his imagination with the delightful idea of having completed his first volume, he arose, saying, 'As I have had adventures enough in this apartment, I will explore some others.' So saying, he advanced towards a door which stood half open before him, 'and found himself in a spacious apartment; the high and gothic windows of which threw over it a gloomy appearance, which did not tend to console him for the remoteness of the room.'⁴ It was ornamented by two large full length portraits: one represented Lancelot of the lake, and the other the beautiful Geneura, the wife of Arthur, king of England, and founder of the institution of the round table.⁵ The sight of these paintings gave rise to at least as many reflections in the mind of Mr. Dob as they had excited in that of Sir Charles; but he quickly recollected that he was not in the south-western tower merely to moralise; he first cast his eyes on the surrounding furniture, and seeing the magnificence and the forlorn condition in which it had been left, he could not forbear saying with a sigh: 'It is singular that in all castles they should permit furniture to spoil which has cost so much money, and that for the express purpose of frightening some poor devil like myself, who is obliged by untoward circumstances to go into towers, eastern, northern, southern, and south-western!' Dob would doubtless have pursued still further his enumeration, when he suddenly remarked 'an old-fashioned cabinet and dressing table, both of which had been ornamented with gilded figures, and stood in a gothic recess; by the dim light it seemed, in form to represent a tomb.'⁶ 'Now if I was to try ever so to open this cabinet, I know it would be all time thrown away. I know, first 'that the corinthian capital must fall to the ground with a most tremendous noise, and that the key must be presented to me by a marble

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hand: 7 all this ushered in by 'a convulsive shock of nature, and followed by a flash of lightning like the first.' In expectation of this prodigy, which he had a very good right to look for, Dob continued carefully to examine the cabinet; when his attention was drawn from his occupation by the sound of a trumpet, appearing to proceed from the court, where several persons seemed to be conversing in a confused manner. 'Ah!' cried he, 'this is something like! of course they are going to besiege this castle as they did that of Udolpho.' This idea produced on his mind a lively impression, when he considered all the scenes which he should have to encounter. 'And if they should take me to Tuscany what shall I do? I who don't know how to take a sketch, what shall I do at Marco's cottage? To be sure I shall have the opportunity of giving a description of at least ten different landscapes, and of seeing the young girls of the country, who have, as they tell us, an appearance truly Arcadian, perfectly agreeing with their dress, which is 'a very full petticoat of light green, with a bodice of white silk; the sleeves loose, and tied upon the shoulders, with ribbons and bunches of flowers. Their hair, falling in ringlets on their necks, was also ornamented with flowers, and with a small straw hat, which set rather backward and on one side of the head, gave an expression of gaiety and smartness to the whole figure.' 8 And then, when I join to this, roaring of cannon, a tremendous thunder-storm, and the relation of a few assassinations, which have nothing at all to do with the rest, a quarrel between two robbers, with two or three sunrises, as many moonlights, a 'western breeze that lingers after sun-set,' music, dancing, and a rural fete, I shall surely have materials enough to furnish a journey of two or three days.' Dob was still amusing himself with recapitulating all the motives for patiently supporting his fate, if he was destined to tread in the footsteps of Emily, when his thoughts were drawn into another channel by the sound of a slight rustling, of which, not without some uneasiness, he endeavored to discern the cause. He was not long in discovering in one of the corners of the room the figure of a man, 'wearing a kind of short jacket, composed of black and scarlet; he had a long plain black cloak. As it glanced aside, Mr. Dob saw beneath daggers of different sizes tucked into his belt; on his head was a small Italian cap, ornamented with several black feathers.' 9

'Alas!' cried he sorrowfully, 'what more is to happen to me? There is one of Montoni's soldiers, and this visit bodes me no good.' Without paying any attention to Dob, whether he heard it or not, the condottieri, fixing upon him a menacing look, drew forth a pistol, which he aimed at him. It went off, and Dob perceived a small 'golden key spotted with blood' 10 fall at his feet; but when

the smoke from the pistol was dispersed, the figure, like all other figures, had vanished. 'Odds-wonders!' cried Mr. Dob, 'if this obliging robber came here only to give me this key, he had better had left it in the key hole than have frightened me so!' 'But the reader would not have been astonished,' replied a voice, 'if he had done so.' 'I cry you mercy!' exclaimed Dob, picking up the little key, and turning towards the place from whence the voice sounded; 'you are in the right.' He then approached the cabinet, and placed the key in the lock, which, as he expected, fitted it exactly; he heard the spring give way, but he in vain endeavored to draw towards him one of the doors. His curiosity was roused by these difficulties; he walked round, and minutely examined the cabinet. At length, on looking between the back pannel and the wainscot, he thought he perceived the appearance of an opening. Encouraged by this discovery, he removed the cabinet, and soon perceived that he was not mistaken; for a door presented itself. 'See now what it is,' said he, in a triumphant tone, 'to have studied Radclifferies; one smells out so cleverly a secret opening!' and I flatter myself there are few so well concealed as this was.' It was elegantly adorned 'with gilt Italian figures of considerable size, in the habits of former times.' 11 The first drawer which he opened contained several poniards, some spotted with blood, some not rusty; of all shapes and sizes. The second was filled with robes for monks, and veils for nuns. In the third was a number of little vials carefully labelled; it was a complete collection of all poisons and soporifics. In the fourth were torn winding-sheets stained with blood; shrouds, chains, torches of yellow wax and turpentine, dark lanthorns, and all other requisites for apparitions, phantoms, &c. The fifth was a receptacle for a number of antique brazen lamps in the form of sepulchral urns, &c. Each of these lamps had its particular virtue; some were so constructed as to give but a 'partial light;' others to 'shed feeble rays;' there were some possessing a certain talismanic property, which caused them, at the moment when they were most wanted, to slip from the hand of those who bore them, and to fall extinguished to the ground. Dob but just half opened the sixth drawer, alarmed by seeing its contents to be the various bones necessary for forming a complete skeleton; these bones were so constructed, as in a moment to be fitted together and made use of. In the seventh drawer were maps of all the bye-roads in the known world; essential requisites for elopements, rendered the more convenient by references to all the houses calculated for the retreat of travellers. To all this was added an ample provision of pocket handkerchiefs, very useful for cramming into the mouths of patients; and to crown the whole, some

masks and a considerable sum of money to pay for posthorses. The eighth drawer contained plans for the construction of old castles, with secret doors, hidden stair-cases, sliding pannels, trap-doors, galleries, corridors, saloons, colonades, chapels, towers, ramparts, terraces, and all the vaults pertaining to them: to these were added a P. S. pointing out the most celebrated brokers in Europe, of whom might be purchased an assortment of old furniture and pictures, with the address of a skilful maker of wax figures: the whole concluding with a long list of fine views to be seen from the castle. In the ninth drawer was a book, in the style of an army list, containing the names of the most celebrated banditti, monks, smugglers, inquisitors, and pilgrims, &c. each placed according to their ranks and profession. By the side of this lay a manuscript music book, in which was written with the greatest precision, the midnight hymn, the vesper hymn, the hymn to the Virgin, the requiem, and the service for the dead &c. &c. In the tenth drawer, Dob discovered a genealogical tree, the names of which were moveable; so that, in the twinkling of an eye, and with very little trouble, all the heroes and heroines of a romance might be made near relations; which became extremely convenient towards the conclusion of the story. The eleventh drawer, larger than the others, held an enormous manuscript, containing the best directions for constructing tombs, digging graves, making coffins, building dungeons, &c. with several prints placed at the end serving as designs for the most elegant and varied style of mausoleums and cemeteries. Animated with sublime extasy at the sight of such marvellous productions, Mr. Dob fell on his knees before the cabinet, with a transport which can only be felt and described by the readers of romances, and exclaimed, 'Oh, inestimable treasure! what riches in the world could be worth thy possession!' When the first enthusiasm of the moment was passed, he perceived a drawer still unvisited. He rose precipitately, and opened it with eager haste. The first object which met his eye was a roll of parchment. It was a long history, written by an unfortunate at the point of death, of which the most interesting parts were effaced by the hand of time, by tears, or by any other cause, good or bad, which may be sufficient to prevent the reader from knowing what it is not time for him to be made acquainted with. Dob who well knew that the perusal of this manuscript would, instead of throwing any light upon his situation, serve but to embarrass him still more, threw it aside, saying, 'I am very sure that this relation is not half so good as that which Adeline found in the deserted apartments of the abbey'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

1, 2, 3. Tomb.

4. Udolpho.

5. Tomb.

6, 7. Grasv. Abbey.

8, 9, 10. Udolpho.

11. G. Abbey.

Editor's Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1818.

Webster, in one of his plays, has this beautiful tete-a-tete on kissing:

DUCHESS. 'I'll stop your mouth,'

[kissing ANTONIO.]

ANTONIO. 'Nay, that's but one: *Venus had two SOFT DOVES to draw her chariot*; I must have another.'—[kissing her.]

The allusion in this elegant conceit, is at once truly poetical, chaste, and classical.

A person of the name of *Woolfolk*, advertises, in a southern paper, for the purchase of 40 or 50 *Negroes*! A very appropriate name for a dealer in that traffic!

An extract has gone the rounds of the papers, entitled "Arts of Knavery in China," describing, among other things, their *counterfeit HAMS and CAPONS*. The first being made of wood, cut to the form, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with hog's skin. A knife is said to be necessary to detect the fraud. The false capons are nothing but skin, all the inside being scooped out, so ingeniously stuffed that the deception cannot be discovered until the instant you are going to eat them. These tricks remind us forcibly of a match for them played on one of our fellow-citizens, by a market-man, who well knew his partiality for *JERSEY SAUSAGES*. Our epicure bought as he thought, some of the finest he ever saw—they appeared so very handsomely variegated with streaks of fat and lean, that he could not wait with patience till they were thoroughly cooked, and went to the kitchen to reprimand the servant for not hurrying them on table,—when, he heard such 'cursing of the sausages,' storming, and *cracking*, that he was thunder-struck!—his fine-fat-Jersey-pork-sausages were firing a feu-de-joy—pop, pop, pop, in every one's face. On examining them, he found that the beautiful white streaks, which he had mistaken for fat, were nothing but chopped turnips!

A Northampton paper notifies, that, according to law, a guardian is appointed to Mary Bond, a *tippler*!

A few weeks since, a negro man died at the great age of 130, in the family of Wm. McKin of Richmond.

MARRIED, in this city, on Thursday evening last, by the rev. T. H. Skinner, Mr. Charles A. Drosdorf to Miss Margaret Willitts.

On Thursday se'night, by the right rev. bishop White, Mr. Wm. Drinker, jr. to Miss Eliza G. Rodman.

On Tuesday se'night, by the rev. John Emory, John M. G. Emory, esq. to Miss Ann North.

On the 2d inst. at Friend's meeting, John M. Ogden to Harriet Middleton.

On Monday last, by the rev. J. Milnor, at N. York, Oliver Evans, esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Hetty Ward.

"Utile Dulce."

"THE MIND MAY BE 'AMUSED' INTO IMPROVEMENT."

[*By our Letter-Box.*]

MR. EDITOR—I am pleased to find that you are commencing the publication of a vast collection of Songs in a mode which will be convenient, and in a manner by which many valuable compositions will be preserved from oblivion—A great number appear in newspapers and other periodical publications, which unavoidably are soon forgotten, or at best, only preserved or remembered by a few—Even when printed in a volume, it consists merely of those which generally have been published before, and cannot have the advantage to be derived from your plan, which I expect will contain, not only favorite popular Songs, but also, many original compositions—To my knowledge, there are many excellent writers in this city, who after the first use made of their Songs, such as having them sung on particular occasions, consign them to their port-folios, where they lie forgotten and unregarded—I have no doubt, but that many of them will find their way to your press and be rescued from obscurity.

That you may receive merited encouragement is the sincere wish of
Yours, &c. M. M.

TO THE MARRIED.

Thou hast received a Wife, O Husband! to be the solace of thy life, and thy partner till death. She has left her father's shelter, and her mother's love, and trusted herself to thine. For the confidence she has reposed on thy faith, wilt thou shew her less? Wilt thou wantonly grieve that bosom, that has no other receptacle for its own griefs—but thine? Thou hast removed a flower that once pleased thee, and which thou calledst heaven and earth to witness thou wouldst ever admire, into thy garden; and canst thou look on unconcernedly, and see it wither there? Or is it become less dear to thine eyes, because thou knowest it to be thy property, and that tho thou makest its seat a wilderness, it may not remove from thence! Be not that barbarian! Or, if thou wilt, give up thy name of man to the tyger of the desert, a savage of a milder nature than thou.

Thou hast, O Wife! received a Husband, to whom thou hast surrendered thy hand, resigned thy will, and pledged thy heart. The smile of thy brow that first won his regard, thou hast sworn should be perpetual to him. The affection that beamed from thine eyes and captivated his, thou

hast caused him to believe shall ever dwell there, and brighten up his most cloudy moments in the darkest season of his distress. Prove not false to thy word. Give him no room to apprehend he has taken a hypocrite to his bosom; that the vision he had, before marriage, was only a pleasing, unreal, phantom; now either vanished away, or changed into a ghastly form. Think of his active engagements and public cares; and let thy gentle bosom be the pillow where all these cares may be forgot.

If, from a contentious and tumultuous world, he should sometimes retire to thee, ruffled himself, encrease not thou his agitation by minute inquisition, or an aspect of disregard. Reflect that he has to encounter the storm; it is thine to enjoy the calm. Enjoy it thyself, and sweeten it to him. Exposed to the inclemencies of the air, wearied with the fatigue of labor, or wasted with the intenseness of thought, for thy subsistence, thy convenience, thy pleasure; is it much if thy cheerfulness enhance his welcome, and thy endearments give a relish to his repast? Has he met with anxiety abroad, and shall he also meet it at home? Have the shafts of misfortune been aimed at his house, and wilt thou, with continual fretting, aim the arrow at his heart? Adopt a different demeanor, if thou wouldst not have thy nature shudder at a monster. Be it thine to soothe, not to irritate; and, without idle questionings, unreluctantly to obey the man whom heaven and thy own choice have made thy lord. In his joys and in his sorrows take a willing share. In the sunshine of life, let thy participation brighten the bright scene; in the adverse hour, let thy sympathy enliven the dark shade. From the thickest cloud of distress, let thy favor break forth like the rainbow, and quiet with the assurance of hope, the forebodings of the desponding breast.

To the proud.—You, sir, who are proud of your station, your person, your personal accomplishments, and the abilities of your mind, observe that infant on the nurse's lap, and wanting all her care; its little head lies sunk upon its breast, and it is unconscious of every thing around. Such you was, who now strut so proudly, and talk so loudly.—Behold that old man sitting in the corner: he is as helpless as the child, his head sinks on his breast, his eyes are fixed, his mind is gone; yet he was as young, as accomplished, as learned as yourself.... Such as he is now, you may be.

Be ashamed then! be a man, and clothe yourself with a man's best ornament....**HUMILITY!**

Humorous.[*By our Letter-Box.*]

Some persons were conversing the other day on the respectability of different merchants in Philadelphia. One mentioned G. another S. and several others were spoken of as being eminent. A by-stander offered to bet a dozen of wine, that Mr. Paul Beck's name stood higher than any other man's in the city. This was contradicted, and the wager accepted. He said he could not adduce the proof, which he knew to be irrefragable, without walking out Market Street. Little dreaming the intention, they proceeded to Schuylkill, when pointing to the shot manufactory, he desired them to read the name near the top, where appears in gilt letters—Paul Beck's shot manufactory.—Proof positive, that his name actually stood higher than any other.

To the Editors—I cannot conceive why yourselves or any of your correspondents interfere in matters of dress appertaining to a man, to a woman, or to a beau. These three distinct classes of animals, to the latter of which I have the honor to belong, have an undoubted right to be their own judges, and despite of yourselves and correspondents we will be.

I will now prove how economical we have been in fashion, which is supposed by many to be a matter of ornament only. My polished boots serve not only to hide a pair of legs not much larger than darning needles, not only to give me grace and splendor in the eyes of the female sex; but they answer likewise all the purposes of a looking glass. I can adjust my cravat by the reflection of my face in a boot, and likewise see how to pass the razor over my chin with the greatest ease imaginable. Yours, &c.

TOM TRIP.

[*East. Tel.*]

A gentleman of this city was requested by a lady to write an inscription for the tomb of a relative—He wrote several, none of which suited her taste. Wearied out with her importunities, he at last wrote merely the name, age, and time of decease, and affixed to the bottom, "*For further particulars enquire within.*" It is needless to add, that a stop was put to subsequent application.

A Retort.—Lord B. who sports a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. Curran, in Dublin, the latter said, 'when do you mean to place your whiskers on the *peace establishment*?' The former replied, 'when you place your tongue on the *civil list*.'

Pathetic.[*By our Letter-Box.*]

ALBERT, THE ROMANTIC ENTHUSIAST.

A TALE.

The unfortunate subject of these pages was one of those beings whom the feeling part of mankind term the children of sensibility. Possessed of the most refined feelings, he at once was capable of experiencing pleasure in its most exquisite sense, and misery in its greatest degree. He had no taste for the fashionable pleasures of the world; and only took delight in the softer joys of life. He often wondered at the noisy and gross pursuits of mankind in general; and could form no idea how such pursuits were capable of giving the least satisfaction. The glittering glare of fashionable life, he said, might fascinate us while the brilliancy of our passions lasted, but, in the eve of life, the heart, looking back, would swell with sighs of regret, as remembrance whispered, it had never been satisfied. What delighted the greater part of mankind, disgusted him: what gave him the greatest pleasure, he could find but few delighted with; and he was wholly incapable of feeling enjoyment unless some one shared it with him. He was enthusiastically fond of the rural life, and enraptured with the charms of solitude; yet, when in the midst of the most retired, wild, and sublime works of the scenery of Nature, where all was silence, where all was agreeable to his ideas and disposition, where he thought he could pass his whole life in one continued flow of happiness, still he was miserable, unless he had one soul, congenial to his own, to whom he could say, "How charming is solitude."

This refinement of generous feeling, however highly it may be valued, often causes its possessor to wish for a heart of steel, to be better able to withstand the numerous evils and shafts of misery mankind is heir to in this world of thorns, in place of the one he already possesses, so soft, so susceptible to every impression, that it seldom fails rendering its owner miserable for life; he not only feels his own share of perplexities, disappointments, and evils, but those also of his fellow sufferers; and every one, that has lived to the age of maturity, has, undoubtedly, met with more thorns than roses. But, altho persons of sensibility enjoy the refined pleasures of life in a degree too exquisite to be described, still the least change of fortune, the smallest scene of distress, or the slightest object of wretchedness, preys upon their

feelings to a degree of misery equally as painful as their sense of enjoyment was rapturous! Yet, even in this acute sense of misery, there is such a delight of being able to feel for another, such a delicious transport, say, *joy*, of grief, that they would not barter it, if really put to the test, for the hardest heart of steel, that could never feel a pang! No; let them have this luxury of feeling, this transporting consciousness of their being possessed of a soul, and they will freely endure all the misery it engenders.

To this sensibility, by those, incapable of feeling its delicacy, termed weakness, Albert was a truly unfortunate victim. Fond to excess of the society of virtuous females, it may be safely said, he was addicted to no vice. Often would he avoid the tempting solicitations of the dissipated, and seek the conversation of an intelligent girl or the company of a chosen few, to entertain his evenings; prizing a half hour's conversation with a communicative female of virtue, to all the lewd company of the profligate; the first enraptured and the latter disgusted him. Yet he had seen life in all its variety, having associated with all classes, from the highest circle of fashionable formality to the lowest of disgusting vulgarity; without ever imbibing the empty sycophancy of the one, or the brutality of the other.

With a heart so susceptible to feeling, and a soul so devoted to virtue, the strength of Albert's friendship, and the warmth of his affection, may be easily imagined. At an early age he became attached to a young lady of the city of P——, of uncommon endowments, both of mind and person. An attachment, which, to persons unacquainted with his ideas, and the lady's worth, may appear to border on romance. His love for this amiable girl was so pure, and so strong, that he felt fully convinced he never could be in the least happy in this world without her: and yet conquered himself so far as never to solicit her hand; conscious he should never be in a situation to make her as happy as she could render him; and fully convicted of his being wholly unworthy of her; altho he knew she esteemed him greatly as a friend; she might perhaps have loved him. In the most extreme indigence, and barred, by honor, from this only road to bliss, he despaired of ever being happy, and gave himself up as lost to peace forever. At this junction, his feelings were so great that they deprived him of the power of attending to his daily avocation. And one morning, under the greatest depression of spirits, he clandestinely left the habitation of his parents, and wandered along those

sublime, awful, and truly romantic banks of the W——, thro the very paths he had before rambled in with his beloved Maria, when his soul seemed to be in Elysium. The many objects here, that brought to his recollection the many moments of bliss he had passed with the "ONLY ONE empowered to bless," were too great for his feelings. Every tree the winds moved, seemed to bow an adieu to his happiness: every leaf the zephyrs ruffled, seemed to sigh for departed joys! These scenes of remembrance wholly overpowered him; and he became delirious. When he recovered, in some degree, his reason, he found himself seated in a hollow rock, with willows bound round his arms and loins. Astonished at himself, he tore them off, and flew, like lightning, across the surrounding country, till Nature sunk exhausted, and he fell to the earth, and was soon relieved by sleep. Waking, he found himself lying in a thick wood. Starting from his earthy couch, he slowly wandered thro the thicket, not knowing whither he was going; and at last came to a public road; along which he strayed, till he found himself in the village of N——. Here his reason assumed its perfect sway; and he discovered, to his astonishment, that he had been absent from home a full week! But how he existed in that time, he was wholly unable to tell. Without the least delay, he immediately resolved to return to his parents. On his arrival home, he found them, as he anticipated, in a very dejected state, on account of his sudden disappearance and long absence. The cause, however, of this departure, and the melancholy incidents attending it, he never revealed to them; but passed it off as an excursion of pleasure.

At length, finding it impossible to bear the misery reflection engendered, while daily in sight of that only road to bliss he had not the means of entering, he finally resolved to leave P——, the place that contained all he held dear on earth. Bidding adieu to the lovely object of his affections forever, he tore himself from her in the greatest agony of mind imaginable, and embarked for M——. [To be concluded next week.]

L.

TO THE MEMORY OF KOSCIUSKO.

Thou'rt gone! in the gloom of the grave
The bones of the Hero recline;
Thou'rt gone! and the soul of the brave
Pines no more o'er his country's decline;
Thou'rt gone! but inshrined is thy glory—
A monument vain were to thee!
For in ages to come shall thy story
Claim a tear from the patriot and free!

Selected Variety.

As very high numbers are somewhat difficult to apprehend, it may not be amiss to illustrate by a few examples the value of the words million, billion, trillion, and quadrillion:—'Suppose that a person reckons a hundred pieces in a minute, and continues to do so twelve hours in each day, he will take fourteen days to reckon a million. A thousand men would take thirty-eight years to reckon a billion. If we suppose the whole inhabitants of England and Wales have been constantly employed in counting money since the birth of our Savior, they could not have as yet reckoned a trillion. Tho we admit the earth from the creation to have been as populous as it is at present, and the whole human race to have been counting money, without intermission, they could scarcely, as yet have reckoned the five hundredth part of a quadrillion of pieces.'

When a bill for regulating watchmen was in progress thro the house of commons, a member observed, that a great number of them, being employed in labor all day, could not do justice to their watch during the night; he therefore proposed as an amendment, that every watchman should be obliged to sleep six hours in the day time. Another member rose and said, 'I heartily second the amendment moved by the honorable member; and beg that, on account of my being much afflicted with the gout, I may be included in it.'

A man addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed chamber by a number of physicians, how to 'cure the fever and abate the thirst.' 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will take half the trouble off your hands: you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself.'

A rich ignoramus in giving orders to a bookseller to furnish his library, requested him particularly to let him have Pope, Milton, and Shakespeare's works, and added, 'If those fellows publish any thing new, don't forget to let me have them.'

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the magistrate that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the magistrate said, 'how then can I satisfy justice?' A laborer answered, 'sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other.'

On a certain occasion, a young coxcomb wishing to appear vastly polite to his charmer, who then sat at the table, the candle thereon wanting snuffing, thus addressed himself to her: 'Please, miss, have the politeness to extend to me those ignipotent dijests, that I may defalcate the excrescence of this nocturnal cylindric luminary!'

A countryman returning with great haste into a store in Trenton which he had just left, enquired with much eagerness—'Has not nobody seen no box no where that nobody left without no kiver on it as nobody knows on—don't there?'

A planter in the upper part of Georgia, went down to Charleston to purchase slaves. A cargo had just landed—they were set up at auction—declared to be sound in wind and in limb, and were struck off to the highest bidder. This planter purchased his complement, and the driver conducted them off. On the way to Augusta, one of the women accidentally saw the man who had been her husband in Africa; the disovered pair immediately recognised each other, and their feelings at this unexpected meeting may be conceived by those, who are acquainted with conjugal affection. The owner of the husband was moved at the scene, and proposed either to sell, or buy, that the poor creatures might live together on the same plantation. But the other, hard-hearted man! would do neither. They of course were soon parted; the woman was conducted up the country, and soon after died with grief.

A proud parson and his men riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. 'The same,' said the shepherd, 'that clothed you—the parish.' The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message. 'Why are you going away then?' said the shepherd. 'No,' answered the other. 'Then you may tell your master,' replied the shepherd, 'his living cannot maintain three of us.'

A dispute took place, during a dinner at the house of a Paris *Sevant*, on the subject of the antiquity of the world. Some one, who, in silence, had listened to the controversy, terminated it by these words: 'For my part I believe the world resembles an old *coquet* who disguises her age.'

A schoolmaster, charged with using the birch too violently, declared it was the only way to make a dull boy *smart*.

Turkish laws never reward female chastity, but discountenance in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her; but his proposals were rejected. In consequence he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair, and tried him for culpable homicide. 'If the accused,' argued they, with becoming gravity, 'had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love, consequently he would not have been disappointed, consequently he would not have swallowed poison, consequently he would not have died—but he (the accused) had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love,' &c. Upon all these causes, he was called upon to pay the price of the man's life!

A person called to a black boy, whom he thought belonged to the hotel, to bring a jack and take off his boots. Yes, sir, replied the boy, and so completely took off his boots, as not to be heard of since.

No affectation is more vain and ridiculous than the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Apollonian Asylum.

[By our Letter-Box.]

TO SUSAN.

Sweet the blushing rose to view,
When emboss'd with sparkling dew;
But sweeter far appears that crimson rose,
Which lovely Susan's dimpled cheeks disclose.

Sweet, O sweet, have parent's smil'd,
O'er a dear and first-born child;
But, ah! far sweeter is fair Susan's smile,
Glowing with blushing love's bewitching guile.

Sweet to hear the warbler's lay,
Welcome the returning day;
But, sweeter far, her "grateful notes" of love,
Arise in songs of praise to heaven above!

In rapture still, methinks, the notes I hear,
For still the music lingers on my ear. LOTHARIO.

TO ELIZA.

When it was youthful Henry's task,
In charity to beg a kiss;
'Mongst all the fair, who heard him ask,
None deign'd but you to give the bliss.

That act has prov'd, sweet tender fair,
(Tho trifling 'twas, perhaps, to thee)
Thy heart can pity—sorrow share,—
Thine eye shed tears of sympathy!

Yes yes, dear girl, within thy breast,
Sweet soothing Pity acts her part;
And soft Compassion—Pity's guest—
Claims place in fair Eliza's heart!

LOTHARIO.

ACROSTIC.

Muse of great Jehovah's Shepherds,
As thy virtuous sacred lays,
Rise to earthly fame and glory,
You'll receive an heav'nly praise.

Go on still, repeat those praises
Of the Servants of the Lord;
Records of thy spotless virtue,
Drawn from his most holy word;
Only for His adoration,
Not to be thyself ador'd.

L

TO CHARLOTTE.

No more a virgin's charms shall craze my head,
Tho often have I thought with one to wed,
For now to Hymen's shrine I'll strive to lead
A blooming widow!

This fond desire shall now my time employ,
And grant, O Cupid, I may soon decoy,
Within my youthful arms, with bursts of joy,
A youthful widow!

Th'inviting lips of virgins, wet with dew,
Their heaving bosoms, like the melting snow,
And all *their* beauteous charms, I find in *you*,
Thou sprightly widow!

THE TRAVELLER

SONG.—BY A YOUNG LADY.

Fie, Damon fie, no more pursue me,
But if you love, avow your flame;
For if you love, you'll ne'er undo me,
Nor trifle with my heart and fame.

In vain, fond youth, you thus implore me,
I see thro' your delusive feint:
That while you swear how you adore me,
You'd make a sinner of your saint!

You in soft strains and fond addresses,
Of me a *DEITY* have made:
And yet with impious bold caresses,
Your goddess you would fain degrade.

But, till you bring a priest to bind me,
I, *goddess-like*, will bear the sway:
In Hymen's bands, you'll *woman* find me,
Then Love and Damon I'll obey.

SONG....Translated from the Russian.

Onward, old Time, make no delay,
To aid imparting Love,
Curtail thy course, bid day and night
In shorter circles move.

Yet more and more increase thy speed,
Till that blest morn arrives,
When fair Clarissa, queen of grace,
Shall be forever mine.

Then give thy wearied wings to rest,
Another boon bestow,
Haste now to make thy suppliant blest,
Then stop to keep him so.

~~~~~

[From the Easton Gazette.]

**EPIGRAM.—To MISS \*\*\*\*\***

Endow'd with wit and grace enchanting,  
Of face beyond the power of painting,  
There's nought in thee, but is most pleasing,  
Except in Church you're always *laughing*.     Z.

**PARODY.—To Z.**

Endowed with *sense* and *gab* enchanting,  
A form *within* the power of painting;  
There's nought in *him* but is enduring,  
Except in Church he's always *snoring*.     LUCY.

**EPIGRAM on Females wearing Watches in their Bosoms.**

*An Old Thing, but no less valuable for its age.*  
Among our fashionable bands,  
No wonder now if Time should linger,  
Allow'd to place his two rude hands  
Where others dare not lay a finger!

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